

A
POSTHUMOUS POEM

OF THE

Late THOMAS DICKENS, Esq;
LIEUT. COLONEL IN THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS,

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE GENEALOGY OF THE AUTHOR FROM K. EDWARD III.

ALSO

A FEW GRATEFUL STANZAS TO THE DEITY,

THREE MONTHS PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH, SEPT. 21, 1789.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

And may be had of the Editor C. DICKENS, LL.D. near Huntingdon,
and of T. PAYNE & Son, Bookfellers, London.

MDCCXC.

POSTHUMOUS POEM

OF THE
LIEUT. COLONEL IN THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS
THOMAS ASH DICKENS, Esq.

A complete List of the Names of the Subscribers, proposed to
have been printed with the following little Poem, (written in 1781,)
is by particular Desire for the present postponed.

C.D. Editor.

46
" 3
691.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

SIR,

HAVING obtained Permissiion to dedicate to your Royal Highness, this Posthumous Poem of a Brother, who had formerly the Honour of being a Lieutenant Colonel in the First Regiment of Foot Guards,

I most freely own, the Design of making it public, (however honoured with your Name,) is too apparent to be dissembled, and almost too affecting to be mentioned without some Feeling, and real Concern.

Would

DEDICATION.

Would to God, the Author had lived to
have made his own most grateful Acknowledge-
ment, which in so imperfect a Manner is offered
and attempted,

By, Sir,

Your Royal Highness's most obliged,

most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

HEMINGFORD,
near Huntingdon.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CONTEMPLATIO MATUTINA.

THE *pious works** of Horne's inspired pen,
In dubious Verse, untun'd with jingling Rhime,
Too feeble to ascend th' Aönian Mount†,

Trembling

- * 1. Paraphrase and Commentary on the Pfalter or Pfalms of David,
2 Vols. 4to.
- 2. Sermons preached before the Univerfity of Oxford, 2 Vols. 8vo.
- 3. Several Occafional Sermons — fingle.

Note, Dr. Horne was preferred to the Deanry of Canterbury in July, 1781, by the recommendation of Lord North, Chancellor of the Univerfity of Oxford, and firft Lord of the Treafury.

† The Aönian Mountains were the haunt of the Mufes, according to Virgil, Georg. iii. 11.

Aönio rediens deducam vertice Mufas.

A

Trembling I sing ——

—— impell'd by Zeal sincere,

To chant the Dictates of a grateful Heart,
Though born a stranger to the Muses' haunt.

Nor thou, *dread President*, disdain t' accept
The humble Tribute of a *rustic Bard*
That soars advent'rous, to record thy praise
On pinions, unadorn'd with *brilliant plumes*.

No wings of golden gleam, like *Maia's Son's**,
With plum'd *Talaria* pendent to his feet,
Bright as a Comet in th' *ethereal space*,
Sustain his flight t' invoke the Muses' aid,
In the pure Atmosphere of *Phocian spring*;

Delight-

* Mercury's winged Shoes or Sandals, called *Talaria*, and extend to the
Ancles.

—— at primum *Talaria* nectit

Aurea ——

Virg. *Æn.* iv.

Delightful fountain * of the *tuneful Nine*.

Bold — to affect a theme, that claims a Lyre

Tun'd by the ablest of the *Muses' throng*;

But Gratitude inspires the *arduous task*,

And fond conceit insinuates applause

That furthers, and supports th' *ideal plan*.

May gen'rous Candour patronize *the deed*,

That glows with warmth — tho' void of *sacred Fire*!

Censure awards its chastizements *in vain*,

When Zeal and Gratitude *inflame the Pen*.

Let

* Delightful fountain, near Panassian Mount, sacred to Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.

Note, the Muses are represented by the ancient Poets, to have their chief Residence and Temples, on the *Aonian Hills*, in Bœotia; the air being much purer than in the Valleys: and the Castalian spring at the foot of mount Parnassus, in the small country of Phocis in Greece, is peculiarly sacred to the Muses. Whence they are called *Castalides*. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Aōnas in montes ut duxerit una sororum.

Let Unitarians, Pyrrhonists, and Jews,
 With all the diverse spawn of Scoffers loud,
 (Freed from the Yoke of prejudice and scorn)
 With serious Mind and honest Heart, peruse
 The saving Truths of *Horne's enlighten'd page*;
 They'll thankfully confess the mighty God,
 At *Bethlehem* born — (the Saviour of *Mankind!*)

Hush then, foul Prejudice, thou barren trunk
 Of ignorance, avaunt! nor longer hold,
 Darkling and void, the reas'ning pow'rs of Man
 From the sweet intercourse of *sacred Truth*,
 The source of Light, and sanctifying Grace
 That purifies the mind, from *grosser sense*
 To contemplate above this *terrene Globe*,
 On objects *immaterial, pure, divine*;
 To recognize by *Faith*, th' incarnate Son,

Coeval

Coeval with the Father — *God of God!*
 Born in the world a *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

Mysterious truth! above the utmost range
 Of Man's ideal pow'rs* — above the sphere
 Of Angels, to unfold — and what alone,
 Omnipotence could form, *Omniscience scan*†.

Faith then supplies what *Reason* can't attain
 By its own light, and warms the conscious Heart
 To homage, and adore the *triune God*,
 Incomprehensible to *finite Minds*.

Rever'd the Man! whose learned Works display,
 In the chaste language of a pious heart,
 The

* See Letters on the Mind, and the Soul's perceptive Faculties, by the Rev. Mr. Petvin.

† The restrictive Adverb (only) must be understood as an Adjunct to *Omniscience*, fully to express the same.

The Wisdom, Pow'r, and boundless Love of God,
 Redeeming Man from Death's eternal doom —
 That fatal sentence pass'd, on all mankind!
 By the vicarious death of Christ, *his Son* —
 The righteous branch of Jesse's wither'd stem,
 By hypostatic Union, *God and Man*.

Stupendous act of Grace! exalting Man
 To heav'nly Mansions of Angelic Bliss;
 The empyrean, where th' Almighty King
 Reigns inaccessible in radiant beams
 Of Majesty, and Glory — *self-supreme*; —
 All-bounteous meed to Sinners! freely giv'n
 In virtue of their Faith, in *God the Son* —
 Not such a sterile Faith, as idly floats
 On the bare surface of the worldly mind,
 And yields a cold assent to Truths reveal'd;
 But such a vital principle of Soul,

As

As warms and actuates the inward Man
To practise *Works of Piety and Love* *.

A fruitless principle soon fades away,
Doom'd like the barren Fig-tree to a Curse,
Ignobly droops, and withers in disgrace.

Ye hallow'd walls of *Wainfleet's* † stately Dome;
To *Wolsey's* ‡ next in grandeur, next in fame:
Sacred to learning, and religion's lore!
Where erst the gentle *Bickerstaff* § imbib'd
The pond'rous Mass of philosophic Wealth

More

* Gal. v. 6.—Faith working by Love—in a large sense, comprehending both Tables; as St. Paul expresses in another place—Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Rom. xiii. 10.

† He was Founder of Magdalen College, and Bishop of Winchester.

‡ Wolsey was Prime Minister to Henry VIII. and Founder of Christ Church, Oxford.

§ Mr. Addison was a Member of Magdalen College, after having received a fund of Classical Learning under the excellent Dr. Walker, at the Charterhouse.

More durable than Gold, or precious Stones;
 (How would he glory now, to tune his lyre
 To unisons with Horne's prophetic tongue?
 Whence vibrate Wisdom's word, and Truths profound,
 Precious as Jasper-stone*, as Crystal clear,
 In diction bland, to *edify Mankind*.)

Hail, venerable Mansion, hail, rejoice!
 Religion's Advocate, thy scepter fways,
 And with paternal Love regards thy Sons,
 Gently to lead them with a Shepherd's care
 In Wisdom's sacred path, to *Truths sublime*;
 Of fragrance pure, ambrosial, full of Grace,
 Bright as the spangled Dew that gleams on top
 Of Hermon†, sloping down on Sion's lap,

And

* Rev. xxi. 11. Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

† See Psalm cxxxiii.

And mantling o'er her skirts in pearly drops,
 Descends to fertilize the Meads below;
 Or precious ointment pour'd on Aaron's head,
 That smoothly glides adown his furrow'd cheeks
 To consecrate his beard, and costly Vest.

Happy Society! where Learning reigns,
 Obsequious to Religion's mild behests;
 A faithful handmaid to sagacious Minds,
 In tracing Nature through the various forms
 Of visible Creation; and exploring
 That Mystery of Love, reveal'd to Man,
 In the unerring word of Grace, and Truth.

Hail, Alma Mater!* Learning's ancient Seat;
 Where pure Religion's native lustre shines
 Triumphant o'er the pageantry of Rome;

Grac'd

*Oxford University.

Grac'd by th' auspicious patronage of Horne! *
 Where Wisdom's Seers, sage Advocates of Truth,
 Immur'd in Lit'rature, and calm repose,
 Unveil her mystic, and prophetic Charms —
 Illustrate, and explain the *doubtful Text* —
 And propagate the Faith, from *pole to pole*.

These able Champions, firm as Bastions stand,
 Proud Bulwarks of the Church; assail'd in vain,
 By all the artful batteries of *Schism*,
 Arrang'd in every hostile form of War;
 And strengthen'd by th' auxiliary pow'rs
 Of Dissipation, in its full career;
 While Vice, insidious Vice, *undaunted reigns*,
 And captives to her Lure, the treach'rous Heart,
 Prone to beguile that rectitude of Will,
 That forms and constitutes the *moral Man*;

Extin-

* Dr. Horne was Vicechancellor several years.

Extinguishing all principles of *Grace*,
That polish and adorn, the *human mind*.

See recreant Sons, though in her Bosom train'd,
Desert the Church, and violate her Rights,
Renounce her Doctrines, and abjure her Creeds—
Those abstract Records of her *holy Faith*,
Establish'd and maintain'd in *Seas of Blood*.
Sad prelude of licentious Anarchy!
When base Apostates impiously prophane
The sacred institutions of the Church;
Despise her Ordinances, and assume
A pow'r (accordant only to the State)
To institute new modes of sacrifice,
Subversive of sound principles of Faith,
And dissentaneous to the *public Code*,
That dictates Uniformity of Pray'r,

With correspondent sentiments of Heart,
In union with *Affiance, Peace, and Love.*

Such latitudinarian Schemes beguile
Unstable minds, and generate Debates,
Discordant to Religion's peaceful Mien,
And menace *foul Divisions*: May they meet
An early Blast, and wither in the Bud!
May unity of Faith matur'd by Grace,
Diffusively abound in social Love!
Still pressing tow'rd the mark of th' heav'nly prize*—
And terminate in *boundless Charity!*

Hail, peaceful Seat of philosophic Minds,
Contemplating Creation's vast Expanse,

In

* Philip. iii. 14. I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

In sweet Security from worldly Cares!
 Where Science spreads her banners of Renown,
 To lure the Studious to her close Embrace,
 Culling the choicest of her bosom Stores,
 As Bees are wont to sip the sweetest Flowers;
 So Miners delv'd the Lydian sands for Gold,
 Where erst Pactolus * roll'd its amber streams,
 And fertiliz'd the banks with golden Ore;
 The rich Demefne of Cræsus †, fam'd for Wealth.

Ah, peaceful Seat! how chang'd from those dread Times!
 When Tyranny usurp'd the British Throne,
 And papal Zeal the regal Scepter sway'd;
 That doleful Epoch! when a bigot Queen.

Breath'd

* Pactolus, a river of Lydia in lesser Asia, famous for its golden sands, first discovered by Midas, King of Phrygia — of whom we have a very humorous Fable in Ovid Met. ix. 5.

† Cræsus was the last King of Lydia, and drew great Riches from that golden River.

Breath'd her Anathemas on *martyr'd Saints*;
 When lo, *thy Temples* groan'd in scenes of Blood,
 To flake the Vengeance of a *Woman's Zeal*,
 Scarce known to Females sympathetic Breasts,
 That glow with Feelings nat'rally benign.
 'Twere Charity to cast Oblivion's Veil,
 O'er this foul period of the regal Line;
 Disgraceful Record of intol'rant Zeal!
 Here Names, that grace the World's historic Page —
 Great Cranmer, Latimer*, and Ridley bled;
 Illustrious Victims of the *Papal Scourge*!
 And in the Embers of a flaming Pile,
 (The dread *Mausoleum* of these holy Men —)
 Laid a Foundation for that glorious Work
 Of *Reformation*, from the *Romish Church*.

A

* Bishop Latimer, when tied to the Stake, exclaimed aloud — we shall this Day, I trust in God, light such a Torch in England, as shall never be extinguished! Hist. of England.

A work eftsoons attain'd — when the clear Dawn
 Of Gospel Truth, array'd in Light divine,
 Beam'd on Eliza's Heart, and blest'd the Land;
 And shone with brighter Lustre on *her Brow*,
 Than all the sparkling jewels of *her Crown*; —
 Yea, twin'd more wreaths of laurel to her Fame,
 Than all the vanquish'd *Armaments of Spain*,
 Freight'd * with golden *Ingots from Peru*.

Here, let me interweave a plaintive Sigh —
 And pensive drop a sympathetic Tear,
 For these Peruvian Souls † in bondage dire,
 Or yelling hideously in burning Pyres,

Or

* When the Spanish Armada was destroyed in the English Channel, two large Galleons, freighted with Chests of Gold, were taken by Sir Francis Drake. Hist. of England.

† The inhuman Cruelties of the Spanish Invaders, and afterwards of the Jesuits, are too barbarous to be mentioned! It was a common thing to kill an Indian, without the least offence given, to feed their Dogs; and to lend a brother Spaniard a quarter of the Carcase, to be repaid when he killed a slave. Monsters indeed!

Or torn by Blood-Hounds train'd up to the Chase
 Of Men — like Beasts, — what indignation rends
 The gen'rous Breast — when well-attested Facts,
 More horrible than These, recur to mind!

The Muse revolts, when courted to rehearse
 Hispania's Massacres in *southern Clime*;
 Well might these *Pagans* with indignant scorn,
 Abjure the Creed such Monsters propagate,
 More savage far than They — though guis'd like Men
 In form — by Nature, *vilest Beasts of Prey*.
 Heav'n grant no Missions stigmatiz'd like These,
 No similar Misdeeds may stain the Page
 Of *British Annals*, in the *western World*! *

Glad

* 'Tis much to be feared however, that our Brethren, or some of them of the western Continent, treat their Negro Slaves more like Beasts of burthen, than human Creatures.

See the Bishop of Chester's Sermon before the Corporation for propagating the Gospel, 1783.

Glad to recal th' Idea first in Mind,
 And pay just Tribute to those *shining Lights*,
 That study to adorn the *Church reform'd*,
 In Gospel purity, and bond of Peace;
 I once more wander to the Muse's Seat,
 The fair Oxonia! dignified by Fame,
 The grand Emporium of the lib'ral Arts;
 Where kind Apollo deals his choicest Gifts,
 And the gay Muses hold their midnight Wakes,
 To consecrate, with heliconian Dew,
 The votive Bards, attendant at their Shrine,
 On bended knee, (pale Cynthia glimmering round,)
 To supplicate, and catch *poëtic Fire*;
 To warm their Breasts in *Vida's** *strains* to sing,
 Or tune their Harps to Sion's plaintive Songs.

See

* The pious and elegant Vida, is not enough known to English Readers;
 —but a late Translation of his Poem, (called the *Christiad*,) by the Rev.
 and Learned Mr. Cranwell, formerly of St. John's, and Tutor of Sidney Col-
 lege, Cambridge; and, however more deserving, only now Rector of Rip-

See crowds of Sojourners* from distant Climes,
 Reform'd from Error, and from Vice reclaim'd,
 Pilgrims, and Palmers eager to embrace,
 That purity of Doctrine, taught by *Horne*,—
 Faithful Expofitor of *Holy Writ*!

Bleft halcyon Days of Unity and Peace!
 When reverend Sages mutu'lly adhere
 To modes of Worship, uniform and pure;
 And faithful to their Charge, maintain *good Works*†,

And

ton Abbot, in Huntingdonshire, will be a means of putting it (as it ought to be) into the hands of every serious English Reader of *Christianity*. One of our own Poets faith of Vida's poetical Talents, that

With sweetest Notes each rising Temple rung:
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida fung:
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd Brow,
 The Poet's bays, and Critic's Ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy Name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in Fame.

POPE.

* Foreigners at Oxford, are called Sojourners, and wear an appropriate Habit, and rank above Commoners.

† Titus iii. 8. Careful to maintain good Works;

And harmonize their Minds in *Grace and Truth*;
 While *Horne** and *Bagot* zealous Champions stand
 For Faith—as once deliver'd to the *Saints*†.

Let Bell no more his Demonstration boast,
 Perplexing tender Minds with novel Modes,
 That gender Seeds of *Herefy and Strife*;
 (The baneful source of *Infidelity*!)
 But *once admonished*‡, prudently suppress
 His missive Darts, that gall *th' establish'd Church*,
 And undermine her *Polity and Laws*.

Mean-

* While Horne and Bagot. See Dr. Bagot's Letter (late Bishop of Norwich, now of St. Asaph) to Dr. Bell, formerly of Magdalen, in Cambridge, late Chaplain to the Princess Amelia, and now a prebendary of Westminster, on his particular Enquiry into the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper.

† Jude, ver. 3. Contend for the Faith, which was once delivered unto the Saints.

‡ Unnatural as it may seem, the Church's pretended Friends, who feed largely on her Revenues, are often the forwardest to lift up their Heels against Her. — Dr. Horne, on Psalm xli. 9.

Meanwhile, let Pray'rs, as incense pure, ascend,
 With *sanctity of Heart*, to Sion's King!
 (Who breaks *the Bow*, and knaps the *Spear* in twain)
 From the pure Empyrean, where He sits,
 High thron'd above all height, *Omnipotent!*
 To view with saving health, this *Foe-girt Isle*,
 And change her bloody Garments, into Robes
 Of placid white—sweet *drapery of Love!*
 Then Righteousness and Peace, shall wipe away
 All tears of Sorrow, save for *Sins alone*;
 And quell the rage of desolating War,
 That gorges sea and land, with *human Blood*.
 Dreadful portent of Heaven's *uplifted Arm!*
 To hurl Destruction on a *guilty Realm*,
 Immers'd in *Sensuality* and *Lust**.

But

* The late attempt of an heretical Divine of public notoriety, to authorise Polygamy, upon scripture principles, and some other profligate Publications of the like *evil tendency*, seem to justify this *Idea*.

But lo, the fatal Sentence yet may hang,
 In tremulous suspense, for *George's* sake;
 The virtuous branch of royal Alfred's line,
 Sure guardian and *Defender of the Faith*,
 That Grace may still abound—and Piety,
 With manly Zeal, *invigorate the Land*;
 Firm bulwarks of Defence, and found of Yore,
 A stronger Phalanx than th' embattl'd Host;
 When David slew the mighty Philistine,
Yclep'd of Gath, and terrible in Arms.

Thus, clad in panoply of *lively Faith*,
 Our gallant *Henry* won the doubtful Field,
 At *Agincourt*, and slew the num'rous *Foe*.
 Thus, in strong proof of Virtue, *Wallia's Pride*,
 The youthful *Edward* brav'd the gallic Host,
 Of threefold force, and urg'd th' *unequal Fight*;
 Fame's Records mark the memorable Day,

That

That delug'd Cressy's fields with *royal Blood*,
 And gain'd to Wallia's Prince — th' armorial Crest
 Of *Ostrich Plumes*, won from the *valiant John*,
 Bohemia's king, and grand Ally of *France*,
*Ich dien**, (I serve) the Motto to denote,
 And symbolize, a *royal Volunteer*.

'Twere endless to recite th' exploits of Men
 Array'd in Righteousness; the puissant Acts
 Of Joshua, and the Maccabees suffice.

Be thine the Charge, in these degen'rate days,
 Thou righteous Man! (for none but righteous Men,
 Can

**This device young Edward assumed to himself in memory of that glorious Day; and has been adopted by all the succeeding Princes of Wales: in this Battle (which was fought Aug. 26, 1346) John, King of Bohemia, James, King of Majorca, Ralph, Duke of Lorrain, and the flower of the French Noblesse, were slain upon the field of Battle, with more than 30,000 Men at Arms, (vid. Hist. of England) also Joshua Barnes's Hist. of the Black Prince. This Joshua lies buried in the Chancel at H. A. Huntingdonshire.*

Can audience claim) to deprecate the wrath,
 Of Heav'n's indignant Arm, by fervent Pray'r;
 Firm as a stately Cedar spreading wide,
 On Lebanon's proud top, exert thy strength,
 Thou Man of God! in sinful Man's behoof;
 Lift up thy voice to Heav'n's all-gracious Lord,
 T' avert th' impending Storm, furcharg'd with Woe!
 And save a Realm emaciate, and forlorn,
 Distending ev'ry nerve, and vital *Cord*,
 To feed the cravings of insatiate War;
 Like the voracious Bird*, as Poets feign,
 Devouring her own entrails; passing strange!

Be thine the further task, (arduous I ween,)
 To preach Repentance to a thoughtless Race,
 And work Conversion, in their *stony Hearts*;

Who

* The bag or pouch, which grows under the throat of the Pelican, and wherein she lodges her food, may possibly be the ground of this extraordinary Fiction.

Who wear from Childhood, the Redeemer's Cross,
 A sign impress'd of covenanted Grace!
 And own perhaps, (when pale-ey'd sickness warps
 This crazy Frame) those *pledges of his Love*,
 When dying, to redeem their souls from Death,
 Such primer Rudiments, they'll all profess,
 The gay, the vicious, and ambitious Slave;
 But by example more than precepts drawn,
 In life, and manners, idolize the World:
 Though bound by solemn Compact to renounce,
 Its pomps, and vanities, and sinful Lufts:
 Such the prevailing features of the Times! *
 When vicious Habits blast the tender Shoots
 Of Grace, and Virtue in their infant Bloom;
 And Luxury, and Lust's impetuous Flood,
 Incontinently rolls, and drowns the World in Sin.

THE

* Recte apud Nos locum tenet Error, ubi publicus factus. SENECA.

GENEALOGY of the late THOMAS DICKENS, Esq.

King EDWARD III.

LIONEL Duke of Clarence	-	-	his Son.
PHILIPPA married to EDMUND MORTIMER	} his Daughter.		
Earl of March			
ROGER Earl of March	-	-	her Son.
ANN who married RICHARD Duke of York and	} his Daughter.		
Earl of Cambridge			
RICHARD Duke of York	-	-	her Son.
GEORGE Duke of Clarence Brother to EDWARD IV.	-	-	his Son.
Countess of SALISBURY	-	-	his Daughter.
Viscount MONTAGUE	-	-	her Son.
Lady BARRINGTON	-	-	his Daughter.
Sir FRANCIS BARRINGTON	-	-	her Son.
Lady MASHAM	-	-	his Daughter.
WILLIAM MASHAM, Esq;	-	-	her Son.
Sir FRANCIS MASHAM	-	-	her Son.
JOHANNA MASHAM, who married Counsellor	} his Daughter.		
HILDESLEY			
JOHN HILDESLEY, Esq;	-	-	her Son.
MARY HILDESLEY who married the Reverend	} his Daughter.		
SAMUEL DICKENS			
THOMAS DICKENS, Esq; the Author,	-	-	her Son.

THE Editor of the foregoing Posthumous Poem, by way of *Appendix*, ventures to tell the generous, and friendly Subscribers, that the following Sunday Morning's *Meditation*, or Hymn of *Thanksgiving* for Relief of Sorrows of the *Week past*, was written June 21, 1789, by his Brother, *Thomas Dickens*, who departed this Life, Sept. 21, 1789.

Heaviness may endure for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning!
(Psal. xxx. 5.)

HAIL, Orient Morn! the Welkin's light,
Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night.

From balmy Slumbers rais'd, I spy,
The brilliant Ruler of the Sky;
Stay, cheering Sun, O stay thy Lamp,
As erst Thou did'st in Joshua's Camp;
But cease—and first, all Rever'nce pay
To Him, who rules the Orb of Day!

I.

Once more, the face of joy I wear;
For thou, O Lord, hast heard my Pray'r:
This humble Tribute, Lord, receive;
'Tis all my sinful Soul can give.

II. My

II.

My latest Breath in grateful Verse,
Thy recent Mercies shall rehearse;
To Thee, with chearful Voice, I'll raise
The song of Gratitude and Praise;
Whilst Thou, my God, dost Sanction give,
This mould'ring Frame on Earth to live!

III.

Oh may it only live, I pray,
To see how long it went astray!
To see what Goodness Thou hast shewn,
In giving Time, it's Faults to own,
While thy Correction ever kind,
My Thoughts from Earth to Heav'n, inclin'd.

IV.

Lord, make me understand thy Law;
And from thy Precepts, Wisdom draw!
Such heav'nly Wisdom, that may save
My Soul, from Death's eternal Grave.

V. Such

V.

Such Faith, and Works of Piety,
 That may with Reason join'd, rely
 On Christ's most pow'rful Energy,
 To dissipate all Fears to die.

VI.

Such Hope, (blest fruit of Heav'nly Love,)
 As wafts the Soul to Realms above,
 And leads th' expiring Sinner's moans,
 To Faith in his Redeemer's groans;
 No longer mov'd by worldly Leav'n,
 When on the wing from Earth, to Heav'n.

